

39/5 THE No 211
C A V E
O F 1508/725
POVERTY,
A
P O E M.

Written in Imitation of SHAKESPEARE.

By Mr. THEOBALD.

----- *Inopem me Copia fecit. Ov.*

L O N D O N:

Printed for *Jonas Browne* at the *Black Swan* without *Temple-bar*, and sold by *J. Roberts* at the *Oxford-Arms* in *Warwick-lane*. 1715. Price 1 s.



Written in Imitation of SHAKESPEARE

By Mr. THORNTON

London: Printed and Sold by J. W. Smith, 17, Pall Mall East.

Printed by J. W. Smith, at the Press of the Bodleian Library, Oxford.
and sold by J. W. Smith, 17, Pall Mall East.
Oxford: Printed by J. W. Smith, 17, Pall Mall East.



TO THE
Right Honourable
CHARLES.
EARL of *Halifax.*

MY LORD,

I Would fain be judg'd to think
very modestly of my Perfor-
mance in this Poem, but
have reason to fear the World
will suspect me of Arrogance, for presu-
ming to inscribe it to Your Lordship;
or at least determine, that I have a more
than common Esteem for this Piece.

DEDICATION.

'Twere a Dissimulation I could not easily digest, to pretend I have no little Tenderness for its Welfare: I wrote the whole with a particular Pleasure, and have look'd on It with the Affection of a fond Parent; but when I confess it my Favourite, My Lord, I am still so conscious of its being distant from Perfection, that I foresee only One of the Greatest Patrons in Europe can give it Countenance, or skreen its Errors from too severe an Inquisition.

I have form'd an Opinion to my self, My Lord, that there is that Sovereign Virtue in the Smiles of an Halifax, that they can blunt the Edge of Detraction and Envy, and take off the Venom of a Damning Criticism. But let me stand excus'd to Your Lordship, from assuming any Pretensions to Your Favour, than from an humble Ambition of deserving It: Your Lordship is the Great Meccenas of this Age, in the Encouragement

DEDICATION.

agement of Poesy ; and the Apollo, in the Superior Excellence of your Talent in this Art.

I need not blush to own, that my Desire of throwing this Poem at Your Lordship's Feet, alone inspir'd Me to the penning of It ; and that my Presumption in doing my self this Honour flow'd from an Assurance I have, that to beg Your Lordship's Protection, is in some measure to deserve it. I wish I could with Truth put in for a further Claim, but all my Merit beyond this must center in Your Lordship's Candour : And, My Lord, I am sensible That Generosity of Your Soul is so extensive, that Your Good Nature always softens the Severity of Your Judgment ; and you force Your self to Pardon, even what You cannot be pleas'd at.

I am still accountable to Your Lordship for an Insolence, which I am wholly at a Loss to excuse ; that being so far
from

DEDICATION.

from a Master in the Idiom of my own Time, I should venture to start up an Imitator of the Immortal Shakespeare: I know Your Lordship's Discernment will easily perceive, that my Imitation is very Superficial; extending only to the borrowing some of his Words, without being able to follow him in the Position of them, his Style, or his Elegance.

This Vanity is sufficient for my Condemnation, yet had I no other Defects to excuse, I might with more Assurance beg Leave to subscribe my self,

My Lord,

Your Lordship's most

Devoted, and Obedient,

Humble Servant,



Lew. Theobald.



THE
CAVE
OF
POVERTY.

I.



N barren Soil, and damp unwholsome

Air,

Where weeping Clouds Eternal Dew
distill'd ;

Where no gay Sun-shine did the Morning chear,
Or Mid-day Fires the dark Meridian gild ; (spread,
A Cave there stood ; whose vaulted Sides were
When Nature first rear'd her Created Head.

B

II.

2 *The Cave of* POVERTY.



Ten Thousand Doors, like Flaws in mouldring Earth,
Led to the Center of the Gloomy Den ;
And each to streaky Gleams of Light gave Birth,
That shot a-thwart the Dusk, and seem'd a-kin :
 Pale as the Fire that on Night's Visage glows,
 Serving alone her Horrors to disclose :

III.

Oft o'er the Moody Dome hoarse Ravens fly,
The Chatt'ring Mag-pye, and the Ribauld Crow ;
Oft hungry Weazels shriek, and Padocks dye,
Thro' Famine, in th' unfurnish'd Vales below :
 The Vales no vital Nourishment produce,
 Scant is their Grass, and venom'd is its Juice.

IV.

Desart, yet populous, the Plains appear,
Th' imperfect Image of a ghastly Dream ;
Here unknown Noises pierce the gallow'd Ear,
There living Forms, like empty Phantoms, seem :
All

The Cave of POVERTY. 3

All was confus'd, yet all was of a piece ;
Nature 'twas still, but Nature in Distress.

V.

A Hundred hideous Shapes the Cave furround,
Th' Unlov'd Retinue of their Meagre Queen ;
Rude Discord brawls, Quarr'lous Debates abound,
And ugly Fraud, and Indigence obscene :
Dullness and Ign'rance erst did haunt the Place,
Till Fortune smil'd, and shew'd the Sisters Grace.

VI.

Far in the Dungeon's Depth, in fullen Pride,
On matted Straw the gloomy Regent sat :
Famine, Despair, and Sickness by her side,
The Motions of her envious Pleasure wait.
Behind her violent Deaths attend ; which, when
Inrag'd, she sends to tempt unwary Men.

VII.

Pale was her Face, and shrivell'd was her Skin,
Eyes sunk, and starting Bones ; as she were now
B 2 The

4 *The Cave of* POVERTY.

The Skeleton of what she once had bin ;
So lean and wretched did the *Dæmon* shew :
Her Locks with Filth so clotted, she appears
A Fury, hung with Snakes, instead of Hairs.

VIII.

Plain was her Furniture, of homely Wood ;
And mean, and squallid, was her whole Attire ;
Some far-fetch'd Roots and Water were her Food,
And Furz of Heaths the Fewel of her Fire.
On Earthen Lamptwice Twenty Glow-worms lay,
Whose spangled Light supplies the want of Day.

IX.

Around upon the craggy Walls, that seem'd
The Remnants of a Rock by Time subdu'd,
Hung Tablets, large, and various ; which were deem'd
The tristful Regent's choicest Interlude :
These did, in pencil'd Portraiture, contain
The num'rous Triumphs of her Iron Reign.

X.

A Thousand Lamentable Objects grace
The Life-expressing Charts, which set to view
To what sad Shifts does Misery debase
The Soul and Appetite, when Wants pursue :
What shameless Fraud from pinching Hunger grows,
What coarse Repasts does mighty Need impose,

XI.

Here might one see some Foe-beleaguer'd Town,
Scant of Provision, weak in her Defence,
In Colour-wrought Distress the Victor own,
And, Famine to evade, with Chains dispense.
At Distance Centuries pale, in anxious Strife,
Cast Lots for Mice to cherish ebbing Life,

XII.

On adverse Column was a Scene display'd
Of Universal Havock, general Woe ;
Comets aloft their yellow Tresses spread,
And noxious Southern Tempests seem to blow :
The

6 *The Cave of* POVERTY.

The imitated Sky appears a-dust,
And tainted with the baleful, sultry, Gust,

XIII.

While Herds below the Mortal Influence feel,
Some dying on the Herbage, others dead,
Struck with th' Aerial Blast they seem to reel,
With languid swimming Eye, and drooping Head.
The hardy Steer a-while resists his Pain,
But sinks o'er-master'd with the potent Bane.

XIV.

The fierce Contagion, that on Beasts began,
Turns its ambitious Arms to nobler Prey ;
And scorning meaner Triumphs, now on Man
Does its inhuman hostile Strength essay :
Grim Poverty erects her haughty Head,
By Pestilence to see her Empire spread.

XV.

Sister of Envy ! Heart-afflicting Fiend !
Daughter of Hell ! and Parent of Annoy !

The Cave of POVERTY. 7

Stern Nurse of Discontents ! Oppression's Friend !
Copesmate of Dolour ! Enemy to Joy !

When will thy fatal Thirst of Mischief cease ?

When wilt thou let the harra's'd World have
(Peace ?

XVI.

Unlike the last Design, tho' next in place,

A diff'rent Prospect of Distress is seen.

A stately Bark, in distant Northern Seas,

Awaits a friendly Thaw, and Sky serene.

In vain she waits, the solid Frost restrains

Her lab'ring Keel, and binds in Icy Chains.

XVII.

Fast in the cold Confinement lodg'd she stands ;

Her Crew desponding on each other Stare,

Mourning that Art, nor strong assisting Hands,

Can counsel, or avail, as now they fare ;

Their Course retarded and Provision spent

Prescribe Despair, and fatal Thoughts foment :

XVIII.

8 *The Cave of* POVERTY.

XVIII.

There might you see a Sailor, with a Face
Intending heavy Plight, and wordless Woes,
In-ly debate the Hardship of his Case,
And curse the Cause, to which his Fate he owes:
Blame niggard Fortune that enforc'd him roam,
And would not grant a Sustenance at home.

XIX.

Others aloft on Deck One trembling Mate,
With Daggers drawn, pursue; who seems to plead
Against their murth'ring Haste; to deprecate
His Doom, and urge the Guilt of their Misdeed:
Vain is the Rhet'rick of his Eyes and Tongue,
His Death the Life of others must prolong.

XX.

So nice the Painter's Art, it all supplies
But Words to breath his Agonizing Pain;
For Words, he drew such Passion in his Eyes,
As far above weak Language does complain;
Calls

The Cave of POVERTY. 9

Calls 'em inhuman and ungentle Knaves,
Barbarians, murth'ring Carls, and savage Slaves:

XXI.

What can my Blood, the Shadow seems to say,
To your Relief contribute, when 'tis spilt ?
Will staving off grim Death a little Day,
Before just Heav'n, compensate for your Guilt ?
O think, as Hunger will again invade you,
Your Turns will come, and let that Thought dis-
(swade you.

XXII.

From pictur'd Ocean the delighted Eye
Skips o'er to Landschap of some Verdant Heath ;
On whose lone Skirts, full oft, in Ambush lye
The Sons of Rapine, threat'ning bloody Death :
There, treach'rous Hedges and the winding Road
Bespeak the Robber's Haunts, and Theft forebode:

XXIII.

Torn from his Steed anon you might behold
The frighted Traveller, beset and pale ;
C Whom

10 *The Cave of* POVERTY.

Whom four-fac'd Ruffians, that demand his Gold,
With sharp Rebukes and sharper Swords assail :
Force is their Law ; and pressing Want inspires
Their Breasts to lawless Acts, and foul Desires.

XXIV.

On diff'rent Pannel of the rough-hewn Wall,
A Sketch of more abstracted Woe appears ;
The lively Semblance of domestick Thrall,
Where Infants cry, and Mothers are in Tears ;
In vain, the good Man pleads his Care of thriving :
What's Care, strong Poverty against it striving ?

XXV.

Hundreds of such Descriptions, all around,
Diversify the Room with Painted Story :
Flatt'ring the Goddess, who main Pleasure found
In the Survey of her malignant Glory.

With conscious Pride, she eyes the Num'rous Plans,
And, by the Past, her Future Prowess scans.

XXVI.

The Cave of POVERTY. II

XXVI.

Had I an Hundred Mouths, as many Tongues,
Had I old *Nestor's* Brain, *Minerva's* Skill,
Had I the Roisting *Stentor's* Brazen Lungs,
Had I an Utt'rance as Fame's Trumpet shrill;
I could not half the Pageant Ills o'ercall,
That garnish and betrim the gloomy Wall.

XXVII.

My Tongue would falter and my Utt'rance fail,
My Lungs grow weak, and Copiousness confuse
The Series of my Part-deliver'd Tale,
My Skill and Brain their Force and Functions lose;
So much Imaginary Work was there,
No Mem'ry cou'd comprise, no Verse declare.

XXVIII.

How, o'er the Continent, and furrow'd Main,
In Pop'lous Cities, and in Village small,
Stern Poverty did Arbitrary reign;
And hold Mankind in Vassalage and Thrall:

12 *The Cave of* POVERTY.

Subduing each with sev'ral hurtful Art,
That drains the Life-blood, or that pricks the
(Heart.

XXIX.

Ev'n as *Thessalian* Witch, whose potent Spight
With Moon-collected Herbs, or Philtred Cup,
With Waxen Image, Earth-intomb'd by Night,
Hell-pleasing Pray'rs, or dead Men's Bones dug up,
Doth on her suff'ring Patient work those Ends
Her Malice dictates, or her Rage intends ;

XXX.

Pois'ning the Peasant's Health, to that degree,
His Flesh is wither'd, and his Colour fled ;
Driving the Swain to frantick Extasie
Of hot Desires, that court the Callet's Bed :
With Magick Thorn compelling heavy Pain,
That works thro' ev'ry Nerve, and wounds the
(Brain.

XXXI.

So Poverty, with fierce envenom'd Spleen,
Racks her foul Thoughts to multiply Annoy ;
Deals

The Cave of POVERTY. 13

Deals out commission'd Plagues from her Demean,
Some to torment, and Others to destroy :

The licens'd Ills their Regent's Hests obey ;
Haste to their Charge, and make the World their
(Prey.

XXXII.

Hence One, with ashy Cheek and haggard Eye,
The Inward Labour of his Soul betrays ;
While Debt does with incessant Horrors ply
The haunted Wretch, and curses all his Days ;
Rides him in Dreams ; and harraßes his Nights
With Tip-staves, and Imaginary Frights.

XXXIII.

Hence One, with fallow Face and gloomy Air,
Turns to the Earth his discontented Eyes ;
The Jaundice of his Thought-distracting Care,
Makes him abhor the Sun and gaudy Skies :

Grim Begg'ry holds the Meagre Wight in Chace,
Whose Pride contends to cloak the dire Disgrace.

XXXIV.

14 *The Cave of* POVERTY.

XXXIV.

Hence Others, whose ungovern'd Years have run
Quite thro' the Leavings of their Father's Care,
Reduc'd to Want, by Us'ers are undone ;
And perish in Extortion's griping Snare :

At once the greedy Whirl-pool drinks 'em down ;
And, e're they can perceive they sink, they drown.

XXXV.

Some in the Law's expensive Net are tangled,
Some on the Rock of Bigot-Zeal are split ;
Some by too fervent Loyalty imbrangled,
Some ruin'd by too fierce and dang'rous Wit :

Almighty Poverty can work her Will
Thro' ev'ry Cause alike, thro' Good, or Ill.

XXXVI.

As in the *Cretan* Labyrinth of old,
The fabled Glory of *Dædalean* Art,
With curling Wave, and many a crooked fold,
The ringy Paths did wander out, and part ;

Yet

Yet various as they ran, the sev'ral Ways
Led to the Center of the winding Maze.

XXXVII.

Or as, in Man, some sharp Distemper's Rage,
Like trenchant Sword, can cut Life's brittle Chain;
Or Sleep itself the Soul can disengage,
As well as Feavers or convulsive Pain :
So ev'ry Chance, if Poverty so please,
Can serve, Us of our Fortunes to disseize.

XXXVIII.

This knew the Goddess, and with Pride elate,
Like bloated Toad, sat swelling in her Cave ;
Pond'ring with pleas'd Malignity her State,
And how she might the Earth's whole Globe enslave :
And ever and anon her blood-shot Eyes
She throws, her willing Tenants to revise.

XXXIX.

For from each Avenue, that downward guides
To the main Chamber of the murky Den,

16 *The Cave of* POVERTY.

A slender Entry wound ; whose hollow'd Sides
Did Ranks of subterranean Rooms contain :

Retreats to such as uncompell'd did own
The Regent's Title, and rever'd her Throne.

XL.

Here, in small silent Dormitories, lay
Clusters of Bards ; who, when they struck the Lyre,
Did thro' the Caverns Harmony convey ;
Awak'ning sprightly Love and gay Desire.

These did the World's vain Idol, Wealth, despise ;
Panting for Fame, and the contested Prize.

XLI.

Here some in Hutts, like Hermets Cells, were plac'd,
Hamm'ring sweet Sonnet in the Lyrick Strain ;
Some in their Verse the soft *Anacreon* trac'd ;
Some copied *Homer* in more swelling Vein :

Others in Ballance weigh'd, with Skill profound,
The Force of Sense against the Charms of Sound.

XLII.

XLII.

In sep'rate Cabin there you might behold
A Herd of Men by Titles only known ;
Trim stately Courtiers, all imboss'd with Gold,
Whose yellow Lustre thro' the Darknes shone :
But their o'erwhelming Brows did seem to borrow
A pensive Low'ring from repentant Sorrow.

XLIII.

Sick-thoughted, they their once-priz'd Grandeur
And empty Vantage of Superior Place ; (scorn ;
The Staff or Garter, which did erst adorn,
Have lost their boasted Dignity and Grace :
Sith the Remembrance of such transient Fame
Dies with the Wearer, not prolongs his Name.

XLIV.

These did, in their Ambition's jocund Hour,
The Muse's Rev'rend Compliments receive ;
Smil'd on the Numbers that fair-spoke their Pow'r,
But let the Bard unguerdon'd take his Leave :

18 *The Cave of* POVERTY.

And that fair Quital, shou'd have been his Hire,
Lavish'd on Vice and reprobate Desire.

XLV.

O faulty Riot, and Crest-wounding Shame !
O worthless Dross ill spar'd, more vilely spent !
Full nobly had his Verse secur'd your Fame
From Death, and never-dying Honours lent ;
Had grateful Treatment but provok'd his Lays
To grant the long Inheritance of Praise.

XLVI.

Next These, of pining Churls a tatter'd Tribe,
The Spoils of Age and ever-waking Care ;
Whose Looks the Temper of their Souls describe,
And Av'rice and Mistrust decipher'd bear :
Brooding o'er Heaps of Gold, for more they thirst,
Poor in Belief, tho' with Abundance curst.

XLVII.

Self-starving Beggars ! Wealth-dissembling Knaves !
Heirs to Reproach ! unaiding, unbefriended !

Sons

The Cave of POVERTY. 19

Sons of sharp Mis'ry ! Money's envious Graves !
Pale Presidents of Want with Plenty blended !
Like *Tantalus*, ingirt with dazling Store ;
Which touch you dare not, or you have no Pow'r.

XLVIII.

Just were thy Judgment, Heav'n, if Curse, so strange,
Of *Phrygian Midas* did these Wights surprize ;
And ev'ry thing they touch, its Nature change,
Transforming to the Plague they idolize :
Then might the greedy Misers starve indeed,
Or, *Estrich*-like, on Ingots learn to feed.

XLIX.

Of Prodigals a rude and roisting Train,
Like Bees in Hives, swarm thro' the neighb'ring Cells;
Thick, as the Sands on *Africk's* Sun-beat Plain,
Or Billows, when the Wind-rouz'd Ocean swells :
With wild Profusion these consume their Store,
And rack Invention, lab'ring to be poor.

18 *The Cave of* POVERTY.

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And rack Invention, lab'ring to be poor.

L.

Improvident, luxurious, shallow Fools !
 Wise Men's Derision ! and the Sharper's Prey !
 Feast-finding Minstrell's Patrons ! Harlot's Tools !
 Night's Mates, the Scornings of the Tell-tale Day !
 Were all *Pætolus*' Golden Streams your own,
 You'd drain the wealthy Channel, e'er have done.

LI.

In gloomy Cavern here you might survey
 Beldams, hard-favour'd, and with Age grown double;
 Churlish and crooked, Objects of Decay,
 The Triumphs of harsh Need, and long-liv'd Trouble:
 At sight of whose Distress, in fierce Dismay,
 The Village-Curs wou'd bark and stand at bay.

LII.

Hence the gross Vulgar, who from outward Plight
 Of inward Bearing found their rash Surmise,
 Misdeem'd them Haggs, foul Sisters of the Night ;
 And thought their wayward Moods of Magick Rise:

The Cave of POVERTY. 21

On Hellish Combination charging Woes,
Which from Extremes of Want alone arose.

LIII.

Onward a griesly Troop of Aged Seers,
Strangers to Cleanliness, and Slaves to Thought,
With Beards wide-spreading on their Breasts, appears;
These the mysterious Births of Nature fought :
Striving th' unfathomable Depth to sound
With strained Wisdom, and Conceit profound.

LIV.

How known Effects from distant Causes flow ;
What strong Disease the solid Earth can shake ;
Whence springs the Thunder, or the fleecy Snow ;
What Transmutations mounting Vapours take :
Resolving all to Second Cause's Force,
And Element's contingent Intercourse.

LV.

Cloister'd with These, more modern Madmen sat ;
Watching an *Embrio*, which their Hopes will foil,
That

22 *The Cave of* POVERTY.

That ne'er by Time or Art shall grow compleat ;
But, hast'ning to Perfection, mock their Toil :
The Sublimated Spirit contends for room,
Breaks its Glas's Pris'n, and vanishes in Fume.

LVJ.

Struck with Surprize the Chymick Dotards groan,
To see such Issue of their Care and Cost ;
To see the precious Preparation flown,
And almost-finish'd *Magisterium* lost :

Think they their Error know ; but know too late,
When the curst Error has out-run their State.

LVII.

Further a tall *Hibernian* Troop attended,
Who erst, like Chymists, did vain Hopes pursue ;
By costly Dress and courtly Phrase, depended
The Golden Nymph's Affections to subdue :
But now the Lasc-lorn Lovers, in Disgrace,
Drop their Mock State, and wear a pensive Face.

LVIII.

LVIII.

In diff'rent Cells a mingled Croud reside,
That Want and Mis'ry in their Aspects bear ;
Here Pilgrims, Hermets, meagre Anch'rets glide,
And pale Love-lacking Nuns of rigid *Clare* ;
Who shone, like blue-vein'd Violets peering thro'
A tufted Hillock, or a ragged Bough.

LIX.

Attir'd in Discontent, and cursing Peace,
Disbanded Red-Coats stalk with folded Arms ;
Here, the Mob's Curse, and changing Time's Disease,
A Bevy of Discarded States-men swarms :
There, Courtesans that have out-liv'd Desires ;
Here, Parasites, Projectors, begging Fryars.

LX.

Lazars, and Artists here of ev'ry kind ;
Your whimfie-govern'd Virtuoso's there ;
Fidlers, a mighty Throng, with Heads inclin'd,
List'ning at Ecchoes and imagin'd Air.

24 *The Cave of* POVERTY.

Of those, whom squeamish Conscience aw'd, a few ;
And from the flow'ry Paths of Int'rest drew.

LXI.

Far in the Gloom appears a distant Crowd,
Lost to Distinction in the thick'ned Shade ;
But All of Such, as have Allegiance vow'd ;
And willing Homage to the Regent paid.

Sick of the hazy Vaults the Muse up-springs,
And spreads in purer Air her Silver Wings.





THE
CAVE
OF
POVERTY.

PART II.

LXII.



FT as the low'ring Night prepar'd to drive
Her Chariot thro' the Fields of dark'ned Air;
And the Declining Sun made haste to dive
His Golden Head beneath the Hemisphere:
Posting to *Thetis'* Arms, as Bards devise;
Or else to lend his Beams to other Skies.

E

LXIII.

26 *The Cave of* POVERTY.

LXIII.

When warbling Birds their Ev'ning Songs began,
When lowing Herds for Stalls the Pastures leave ;
When, o'er his Cups, the wearied Artisan
Sought from the Toils of Day a glad Reprieve;
When all the busy Buz of Trade was done,
And murm'ring Merchants from Exchanges gone.

LXIV.

Conscious of Silence's approaching Reign,
The subtle Goddess o'er her Cavern's Head
Two brazen Tubes, whose Hollows drank a-main
Each whistling Breath of Ambient Air, display'd ;
As oft 'tis seen, the narrow winding Lanes
Draw in each Blast that sweeps a-cross the Plains.

LXV.

So did these Pipes, by some attractive Pow'r,
(Secret of Nature, or her Hand-maid Art !)
In their long Necks collected Sounds devour,
That from the Earth's most distant Confires start :
Which,

The Cave of POVERTY. 27

Which, marching downward thro' the Concave
Strait to the gloomy Regent's Chamber pass. (Brass,

LXVI.

Wafted by Sp'rits of such as, while in Life,
Were Make-bates, fond of propagating News ;
Whose Tongues were Organs of Eternal Strife ;
These Sounds were thought their Murmurs to transfuse :
That little Elves behind, with Fans of Air,
Impell'd 'em to the Dusky Thorough-fare.

LXVII.

Thither arriv'd, those Sounds, that in their Flight
Only, like Winds, groan'd thro' the lab'ring Air,
As thro' the Tubes their March they expedite,
(Extravagance of Wonder to declare !)

Break into Words articulate and plain ;
Coherent Words in one continued Strain.

LXVIII.

Thus Artificial Ecchoes catch the Sound,
Re-wording, what we did at distance speak ;

28 *The Cave of* POVERTY.

Thus Accents in a Gall'ry travel round
The Crannied Walls, and as they travel, break
Thro' ev'ry Gap: In hoarse, but louder, Tone
Repeating what was in a Whisper blown.

LXIX.

Thus, thro' the circling Eddies of the Brass,
The pregnant Murmurs winding re-obtain
Their former Voice; and, loud'ning as they pass,
Revive to Words, and their first Charge explain:
Conveying Speeches to the Regent's Ear,
Which sooth her Pow'r, or which she loaths to hear.

LXX.

But both the Tubes with diff'rent Lessons fraught,
Unlike the Tongue that breathes a double Story
Deceitful in its Office; One still brought
The Air-deliver'd Record of her Glory;
Soothing her with a Tale that seem'd to shew
How much Mankind did to her Empire owe.

LXXI.

LXXI.

The Other, tho' with plaintive Legends stor'd
Which curst her Pow'r and harsh Supremacy,
Did to her Pride and Envy Food afford,
While it confirm'd the Measure of her Sway ;
What Thousands, with her Iron Scepter bruise'd,
In Anguish her Inclemency accus'd.

LXXII.

Thro' the waste Season of each live-long Night,
To learn the breathing Hist'ry of her State,
Th' unsated Goddess with renew'd Delight,
Still as the Statue of Attention sat ;
Till Morn her Ruby-colour'd Portal op'd,
And bustling Noise the lame Narration stop'd,

LXXIII.

No balmy Slumber, clos'd her heavy Eyes,
No drouzy Interval her Sp'rit benumns ;
No Inadvertence does her Soul surprize,
No Lethargy her watchful Sense o'ercomes :

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No lazy Vapours of the Night prevail
To rob her of the Time-beguiling Tale.

LXXIV.

Intent, with fullen Majesty, she waits
The undulating Sounds to entertain ;
When first a modest Voice it self dilates
In Whispers unexpress, nor fully plain ;
And round the vocal Walls as gently roves,
As infant *Zephyrs* sigh in Myrtle Groves.

LXXV.

Anon the more couragious Accents swell,
Put on Distinction, and in louder Tone,
Like distant Thunders, bellow thro' the Cell ;
Or Seas, that with approaching Tempests groan :
The Goddess listens at th' enlarging Sounds,
When thus the Voice from murm'ring Tube re-
(bounds.

LXXVI.

Curse on the envious Fate, that tyes me down
To servile Ills my gen'rous Soul disdains !
Curse

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Curse on the Shifts my needy Age has known ;
The hated Shifts, which mighty Need constrains !
O Comfort-killing State ! Heart-wounding Grief !
O Sorrows that admit no kind Relief !

LXXVII.

Why am I forc'd to groan beneath a Weight,
My bending and o'er-labour'd Strength would fain
Throw off ? Why struggle with a wayward Fate ?
And bootless heave against Eternal Pain ?

Why may not Friendly Death come end my Smart,
When, tir'd of Life, I court his Ebon Dart ?

LXXVIII.

O Poverty, thou Mistress too severe !
Striv'st thou to break the thing, thou should'st but bend ?
Thy Pow'r confess'd, should make thee less austere ;
The Vict'ry gain'd, thy Rage in Mercy end.

Hast thou not got the Day, what would'st thou moe ?
'Tis barb'rous to insult a prostrate Foe.

LXXIX.

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LXXIX.

Behold, how strongly thou my Pride hast check'd!

Behold, how Friendship does askaunce his Eye!

How every Face is scrud to Disrespect!

How, like Infection, all my Commerce fly!

Ev'n as the Herd, fway'd by remorseless Fear,

From his known Covert chafe the wounded Deer.

LXXX.

Behold, what bitter Cares my Peace annoy!

How Want distracts, and Contumely wounds!

How sore Distress Life's Pleasure does destroy!

How Plagues ingirt, and Misery furrounds!

Bated on ev'ry side, what Arts I use

To 'scape the Mischief, which too fast pursues!

LXXXI.

Ev'n as the Dew-bedabled Lev'ret flies,

Whom with full Scent the fiery Grey-hounds trace;

Who, with vain Subtlety, t' avoid Surprize,

Confounds their Smell and doubles in her Race:

Her

The Cave of POVERTY. 338

Her Cunning serving but her Fears to strengthen,
Protract Dismay, and Danger's Date out-lengthen.

LXXXII.

Thro' Thee, O rigid Queen of Phraseless Woe!
(Here previous Sighs prepare the sequent Sorrow,)
Our unhush'd Cares no gentle *Requiem* know,
Nor soft Reprieve from Slumber's Aidance borrow:
Like Discontented Ghosts, in hideous Plight
Teazing the dreadful Dead of dark Mid-night.

LXXXIII.

Nor when the hot and fiery-pointed Sun
Has drunk the Morning's Silver melting Dews;
Is the sad Term of our Afflictions run;
But with the varied Time Distress renews:
Like gross and hardy Sp'rits that dare out-stay
The Verge of Night, and brave the glaring Day.

LXXXIV.

Thro' Thee, the half-starv'd Soldier sheaths in Arms
His rugged Limbs, and in the Casque his Head;
Thro'

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Thro' Thee, sustains the Foe-men's rude Alarms ;
The Toils of watching, and the Battle's Dread :

Now, scorching with the Sun that scalds his Brain;
Now, stiff with Ice, and drench'd with chilling Rain.

LXXXV.

Thro' Thee, the Sea-boy climbs the giddy Mast,
And hears the furious Winds around him roar ;
Beholds the whiten'd Surge ; nor stands aghast,
Whilst curling Billows lash the founding Shore :

Whilst black-fac'd Clouds ride o'er the troubled Sky,
And murm'ring Deeps proclaim the Tempest nigh.

LXXXVI.

Thro' Thee, full oft the fond *Alexis* moans,
Seeking the melancholly Cypress Grove,
To swell the *Zephyrs* with his louder Groans,
And talk to Solitude of hapless Love ;

Inviting *Eccho's* pity-pleading Strains
To catch his Sorrows, and reward his Pains.

LXXXVII.

LXXXVII.

Thro' Thee, neglected Merit hangs his Head,
Conscious of Wrongs, and martyr'd with Disgrace ;
Drooping, like forceless Flow'rs when from their Bed
The vig'rous Sun withdraws his warm Embrace :
Or like the tender-hefted Swain, that dyes
Debarr'd the Influence of his Mistress' Eyes.

LXXXVIII.

O dull Ingratitude ! dost thou not shame
To let Desert be brow-beat, and despis'd ?
To let Oppression with Contempt and Blame
Brand its fair Cheek, and keep true Worth dispriz'd ?
To let it bear the Whips and Scorns of Time,
Be spurn'd by Insolence, and deem'd a Crime ?

LXXXIX.

While prosp'rous Vice, and worthless Folly climbs
The Ladder of Ambition, Gaudy State !
While Slaves, that owe their Grandeur to their Crimes,
Are robed in Pow'r ; and grow, by Flatt'ry, Great ;
F 2 While

36 *The Cave of* POVERTY.

While Sycophants, by Smiles and pleasing Lyes,
Are hugg'd at Courts, and to Preferment rise.

XC.

While ev'ry little sneaking Art succeeds ;
While Knaves, by gross cajoling, swell their Store ;
While hireling Perjury to Honour leads ;
While Fraud is Merit, and while Wealth' is Pow'r :
While time-grac'd Villains bear unjust Controul,
And in the gilded Chariot haughty roul.

XC I.

O mighty Gold ! Thou Second Cause of Fate !
Thou blood-sought Blessing ! Honour-purchas'd Prize !
Thou precious Nourisher of fierce Debate !
Thou Idol of our Souls, and Joy of Eyes !
Great Mistress of our Passions ! Price of Vows !
The gladdened World thy rightful Sway allows.

XC II.

Blind Goddess of Desires ! Thou Bane of Woe !
Balm of Affliction ! Monarch of Content !

Nurse

The Cave of POVERTY. 37

Nurse of Repose ! Night-waking Sorrow's Foe !

Seas'ning of Health ! and Pleasure's Instrument !

Possessing Thee, the Tear-distained Eye

Forgets to weep, and puts on Gaiety !

XCIII.

Possessing Thee, uncounted Events are check'd ;

Time's Spite o'er-rul'd ; and Envy's Edge rebated ;

The Death of Parents made of slight Respect ;

Distress exil'd, and Dolour subjugated :

Possessing Thee, heart-easing Comfort reigns ;

Age feels not its Decays ; nor Sickness, Pains.

XCIV.

But oh ! stern Poverty, where Thou prevailest

With full Command uncheck'd Affliction reigns ;

Thou on thy Vassals bateless Woe entailest,

Still-growing Discontent, and recent Pains : (prize,

And when soft Sleep would the rack'd Brain sur-

Thy Spleen unlocks the slumber-closing Eyes.

XCV.

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XCV.

Thou break'st with Groans the Stillness of the Night,
Thou dost the ruddy Cheek of Health apale ;
When thou appear'st, fear'd Pleasure takes its Flight;
And grim Distress, and furly Teen assail :

Aw'd Gaiety retires ; a Gloom ensues ;

And sable Sorrow sheds her baleful Dews.

XCVI.

Thro' Thee, is ev'ry Accident of Fate
With double Gall embitter'd ; Thou do'st swell
Time's Spight, increase severe Oppression's Weight,
Improve Distress and Comfort's Rays repell :

Bending the Back with Age, while Youth remains ;

And giving Sickness and imagin'd Pains.

XCVII.

Thus when the Tube had to the Regent's Ear
Convey'd this Embassy of fierce Lament,
Its Accents, less articulate and clear,
Bespeak the Tide of Exclamations spent ;

And

The Cave of POVERTY. 39

And the faint Voice, with gradual Decay,
Melting to Whispers sighs it self away.

XCVIII.

The fullen Goddess with malignant Smile,
Like Gleams of Sun-shine thro' an Evening Show'r,
Greets the Distresses of the Plaintive Style,
Which sets to view the Mischiefs of her Pow'r :
And, counting the recited Scathe her Gain,
Insults on Woe, and prides in giving Pain.

XCIX.

Mean while around the Walls fresh Murmurs creep
Like Notes of soft-ton'd Flutes on Silver *Thames* :
Like *Philomel* that sings the Night asleep,
Or purling Sounds of gentle-gliding Streams.
Agen the Goddess with attentive Ear
Listens, th' Applauses of her Rule to hear.

C.

For nought but Praise the Second Tube did sound,
(In Praise she triumph'd, as she did in Pain ;) Th'

40 *The Cave of Poverty*

Th' Applauses of her easy Sway rebound
Thro' the dark Vaults, in thrill harmonious Strain;
Proud of the Tale, she rears her haughty Crest;
When thus the warbling Brads its Lays exprest.

CI.

Hail! Mistress of Invention! Nurse of Art!
Thou real Blessing, tho' but rarely chose!
Thou cultivat'st the *Genius*, mend'st the Heart,
Quell'st our vain Passions, and preferib'st Repose!
Thro' Thee, we into our own Souls descend;
Thro' Thee, agnize the Flatt'rer from the Friend!

CII.

Thro' Thee, we taste the Sweets of early Morn;
Thro' Thee, with honest Labour, Health invite;
Thro' Thee, the Monarch's Board and Pastime scorn;
Content with homely Plenty, calm Delight:

No Danger from Envenom'd Cups we fear,
Nor cherish Surfeits with too wanton Chear.

CIII.

The Cave of POVERTY. 41

CIII.

O Luxury, Thou Stranger to the Poor !
Thou sharp Disease of Wealth ! Too treach'rous Fiend
That, like the cous'ning Harlot, do'st allure
To Pleasures, which in foul Distemper end.
Happy the State of Need, that 'scaping Thee
Is from the Train of Plagues thou nurrest free.

CIV.

No racking Gout the poor Man's Ease destroys ;
No noxious Fumes from indigested Food
Give him Unrest ; no sickly Dream annoys
His Night ; or Feavers fire his temp'rate Blood :
With Health, and Even Soul (rare Blessings !) crown'd ;
His Toils are sprightly, and his Slumbers sound.

CV.

O Gold, Possession only seeming fair !
Thou Sun-engendred Plague, unlike thy Sire !
Treasure of Pain ! What ever-during Care,
What Doubts, what anxious Fears do'st Thou inspire !
G What

42 *The Cave of* POVERTY.

What Crimeful Thoughts provoke, what Snares de-
How minister to Theft, and foul Surprize! (vise,

CVI.

For Thee, the Robber's sacrilegious Hand
Plunders the Shrine; For Thee, the Murth'rer stains
His Arm and Soul with Blood; at thy Command
Sudden Rebellion frights the peaceful Plains:

Traitors, for Thee, in horrid Council sit;
And, sconc'd in Night, on Kingdoms Downfalls meet.

CVII.

For Thee, cold Modesty throws off her Veil,
Disdains the rose Blush and down-cast Eye;
Wishful she listens to the Lover's Tale,
And fans his Ardour with an Am'rous Sigh:

Pernicious Gold, Thou Pois'ner of the Mind,
How do'st thou cherish Guilt in ev'ry kind?

CVIII.

But Innocence, and harmless Virtue, reigns,
Where honest active Poverty presides;

Justice

The Cave of POVERTY. 43

Justice its unmolested Throne maintains,
And Vice her ignominious Visage hides:
Pleasure, and unsuspecting Peace embrace;
And no bad Frauds prophane the blissful Place.

CIX.

Industrious Art and skillful Labour thrive,
Nature the Garb of gay Improvement wears;
Thence their sure Source the Means of Life derive,
And kind Increase rewards their toiling Cares.
No griping Penury of Soul conspires
To raise in Them unwarranted Desires.

CX.

Seat Me, ye courteous Pow'rs, O seat me there,
Where Happiness forbids all curst Debate;
Where proud Ambition never durst repair, (State:
Or Thoughts of Grandeur, and wreck-threat'ning
Where Pride, and starch'd Precedence are unknown,
The Noise of Courts, or Wranglings of the Gown.

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CXI.

There let the peaceful Dearn, and calm Retreat,
Teach me superfluous Pomp and Wealth to scorn;
Teach me the costly Trifles to forget,
Which vain *Patricians* think their State adorn;
On gaudy Fortune to look back with Pain;
And the cloud-kissing Palace to disdain.

CXII.

O Blissful Life, sequestred from Desire!
O Station of Delight! Great Gift of Heav'n,
Where all, that Ease and Decency require,
From Tumult and Dependence free is giv'n:
Where sordid Avarice never racks the Brain,
Nor Passions swell the Breast, nor Crimes profane.

CXIII.

Safety inshrines the Cottage and its King;
Sly Serpents never chuse the Grass that's low,
Sure aiming Expectations always wing
The Sons of Rapine to the goodliest Show.

The Cave of POVERTY. 45

On o'ergrown Plenty Danger builds his Nest,
Night-wand'ring Knaves ne'er break the Poor
Man's Rest.

CXIV.

Secure he traverses the lonely Glade,
The wide-stretch'd Forest, and mistrustful Wood,
Fearless of Violence, or Ambuscade ;
The Russian seldom thirsts alone for Blood :
But holds in likelihood his future Prey,
E'er he retard the Trav'ler in his Way.

CXV.

O Poverty, thou Theme of lasting Praise !
Thou Jewel, and fair Wealth of Elder Times !
How did'st Thou serve to high Renown to raise
The Heroes of Old *Rome*, and *Græcia's* Climes ?
How did'st Thou give the Purple Consul grace,
When from the Plough he rose t' Imperial
Place ?

CXVI.

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CXVI.

Fabritius speaks thy Merit, Thou his Fame ;
Whom Royal Promises, nor *Samnite* Gold,
Could e'er corrupt, to blast his glorious Name,
Or hated League with foul Dishonour hold :
Tho' sunk in State beneath *Patrician* fort,
His Virtue could his Dignity support.

CXVII.

Ha'st thou not oft imparted Eloquence
To the strong-pleading Orator's Descant ?
Ha'st thou not oft improv'd the Poet's Sense,
Rais'd him to Fire, and made his Lays inchant ?
Bards oft to Thee, more than the Muses, owe ;
Thou giv'st the Theme, and mak'st the Numbers
(flow.

CXVIII.

Thou kindled'st up the never-dying Flame,
That still on *Ilium's* shining Ruins feeds ;
Thou lent'st *Pelides* his recorded Fame,
And threat'ning *Diomede* his Martial Deeds :
From

The Cave of POVERTY. 47

From thee, *Laertes*' Son deriv'd his Toils ;
His Foreign Contests, and Domestick Broils.

CXIX.

Thou taught'st the Tragick Heroes first to rage,
Striking with Dread the wonder-wounded Ear ;
With strong distress did'st the full Soul engage,
Drowning in Grief the late-imparted Fear :
Pity and Terror, with alternate Reign,
Seiz'd ev'ry Breast, and swell'd with varied
Pain.

CXX.

O Goddess, from the gloomy Shades recal
Some noble Genius, thou did'st erst inspire ;
Or strike some Living Virtue with thy Thrall,
And to thy Praises tune his warbling Lyre ;
Then shall thy Glories bloom, for ever gay,
And thy *Cave* live, till Time itself decay.

CXXI.

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CXXI.

Thus spake the Tube : When lo ! on Eastern Cloud,
That sullenly receiv'd her early Light,
The chearful Rosy-finger'd Morning glow'd ;
With Blushes, like a rifled Maid, bedight :

Th' Enamour'd Sun, holding the Nymph in Chase,
O'er her young Beauties shed redoubled Grace.

F I N I S.



